

## THE ARGUS.

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BY THE J. W. POTTER CO.

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Monday, December 29, 1913.

The Mexican rule seems to be when in doubt, attack Juarez.

The alienists apparently look upon Hans Schmidt as another Hamlet.

A New Year resolution is nearly as hard to put in practice as a graduation essay.

The simple question in Illinois is whether Chicago is the entire state or just a part of Illinois.

Father Time arrives again this week to mark another milestone—speaking of a monotonous occupation.

While Japanese are shouting for Mexico and against the United States in Japan, the Japanese government is asking the United States to protect Japanese in Mexico.

Mrs. Ella Flag Young is back on the school job in Chicago. Her career as a reporter on the Tribune was as brief as the most exacting managing editor could wish. She did not cover a single assignment, but the Tribune got the benefit of the advertisement.

Joseph G. Cannon, James R. Mann and the other leading American militants have not yet ventured to smash Secretary Bryan's tall hat or to burn the church in Washington that President Wilson as a member, but their feelings are as well known as Mrs. Pankhurst's.

Some papers are making more or less feeble jokes about the name of the little winter resort where President Wilson is spending his vacation. It is in order to remind them that the place is not called like the ordinary Bible word, but is pronounced, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat says, Pass Christ-chian, with the accent on the last syllable.

The Clinton Advertiser brings out William J. Keefe of Clinton, as a candidate to succeed the late Congressman Pepper. Mr. Keefe is a democrat. Washington advices indicate that Mr. F. Cronin, private secretary to Mr. Pepper, is considering entering the field. If the democrats on this side of the river had anything to say about it, they would force Martin J. Wane into the breach and elect him to his old seat.

WHY THE WAR DRAGS ON.  
It would be no good to be impatient with the course of events in Mexico. Destiny is shaping ends there, a destiny over which men have no control. Considering the long years of oppression of the poor and weak in Mexico, that peasants have been in bondage to their employers—the great haciendados, and that while the many have been impoverished the few have amassed fabulous riches, it is not remarkable that the war drags out into wearisome length. It takes time to wipe out the profit of the labor of the exploited, and it takes time to exact the atonement of blood.

We may expect an end to the war in Mexico when all these who have built their power upon oppression are leveled to the common plane and when there is in the hearts of Mexicans realization of the eternal truth, exemplified in the case of our own Civil war, that God rights every wrong and that he is no less a God of wrath than of mercy.

## THE JAPANESE AND PACIFIC COMMERCE.

A little bulletin issued by the Japanese society of New York, lists the steamships sailing from the Pacific coast for Japan in January, 1914. Twelve vessels will sail, six from San Francisco, two from Seattle, one from Tacoma and three from Vancouver. Of these several will carry the Japanese flag, three the British, and two the American. The two largest and finest ships in the last are Japanese.

The skill and enterprise of the Japanese, who are up-to-date in naval commerce and transportation, are shown by their magnificent Pacific liners which surpass the floating palaces of other nations on the Pacific in their appointments. Japan has commercial interests which have the ambition to make their country mistress of the western seas as Great Britain is of the eastern.

At one time in the distant past, the United States merchant marine rivaled that of Great Britain. The Star Spangled Banner then floated from mastsheads in every port of the known world.

The mistaken policy of high tariff and the prohibition to American interests of buying merchant ships where they could buy them cheapest,

wiped out our merchant marine with the exception of vessels for coast-wide trade.  
It is not difficult to see by the list of Pacific vessels sailing in January from our ports that Japan will be a leader in the use of the Panama canal when finished, at least during the early years of its operation.

## THE MUNICIPAL CHRISTMAS TREE.

In Madison Square garden, New York, it was planned to have the first great municipal Christmas tree—and the plan was successfully carried out. The very suggestion inspired public-spirited officials and men of wealth in several cities, Chicago among them, to have a similar Christmas observance. As a result tens of thousands of people, rich and poor alike, enjoyed these great public observances of the day with music and song and wholesale material charities.

The good influence of such celebrations will outlive the Christmas season.

Such a celebration may be planned for Christmas, 1914, in Rock Island. These public gatherings awaken the community spirit. They awaken interest in the common cause and the common good; they assist in establishing a more genial and genuine democracy.

By all means let Rock Island be among those cities which will next year look forward with eagerness to the municipal Christmas tree and public observance of Christmas day.

## SPARING THE BIRDS.

Insects are annually doing \$800,000,000 injury to the agricultural interests of the country. The gypsy moth alone did \$4,000,000 worth of harm in the state of Massachusetts and is spreading over the New England states and eventually will come to this part of the country. There are numerous insect pests and man is helpless in fighting them. The government is spending millions of dollars every year in trying to find means of controlling the different pests, but progress is slow.

The natural enemy of injurious insects is the bird. A dozen birds rearing their young will devour more insects than a dozen men could exterminate with sprays and fire. Nevertheless, the great mass of American people pay no attention to the preservation of birds. Six species of birds have been completely wiped out. There is a standing offer of a reward of \$5,000 for a pair of carrier pigeons, which at one time were so numerous that they obscured the sun for hours. A single one of this species is still alive and that one is a curiosity in the zoo at Cincinnati.

Instead of shooting the birds, every man, woman and child in the country ought to protect the birds, and what is more, offer them every advantage for nesting and rearing their young. The injunction to "spare the birds" is not merely a sentimental and humane one, but springs from sound economy.

## STUDYING THE KINDERGARTEN.

The kindergarten—its place in the educational system, its social value to the community, and its future development—is the subject of special study by a newly organized division of the United States bureau of education. The new division which is made possible by a cooperative arrangement between the National Kindergarten association and the government, is directed by Miss Beulah Locke, secretary of the association, with headquarters in New York city. Miss Myra Winchester has been placed in charge of the work in the bureau.

The first published work of the division, which will be ready in a few weeks, is a report on present kindergarten conditions in the United States. The report will include statistics of public and private kindergartens for the past year; opinions of school superintendents, supervisors, and primary teachers as to the advantage possessed by the kindergarten as a child over the child without such training; and other material dealing with current school problems as affected by the kindergarten.

Most of the opinions so far received by the division show an overwhelming sentiment in favor of kindergarten training for all public school children. There are occasional adverse criticisms, but they are surprisingly few. In the published report representative views opposed to the kindergarten will be given, as well as those favorable. Particular attention will be paid to the Montessori work and its relation to the kindergarten.

## TYPE AND TAPE.

These Names Sounded Queer as They Were Heard in London.

Here's one about an American printer whose vicissitudes took him across the ocean last year and landed him in the town of London. The printer is back in Cleveland now and tells the story himself.

This printer bethought him of starting a little paper in the heart of England. So he rented a little building, then went to purchase his type and presses. For the type he stopped at a typefounder's place and explained his needs.

"I want some type," he said.  
"We don't sell type here," answered the clerk blankly. "You might get it at the draper's shop over the way."

"How should I get type in a draper's shop?"

"How should you get it anywhere else, may I ask, think you, sir?"

"Well, in my country type is sold at a typefounder's, not at a dry goods store."

"How? Did you wish type, sir? I thought you wished type such as they have in type measures and typewriters. You didn't wish type to bind on the edges of frocks, then, but type to print a paper with? Step this way, thank you, sir."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

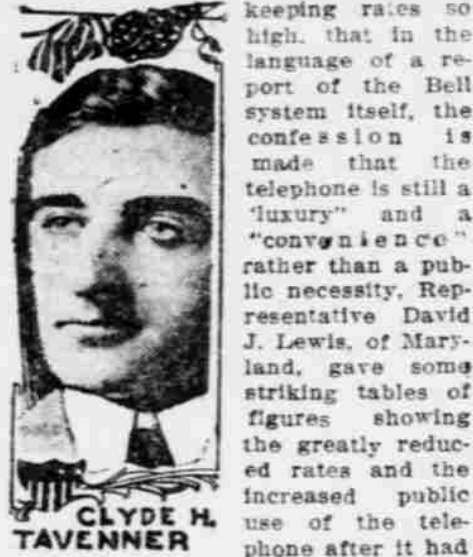
## Capital Comment

BY CLYDE H. TAVENNER

Congressman from the Fourteenth District.

(Special Correspondence of The Argus.)

Cordova, Dec. 27.—In his able analysis of the telephone monopoly of this country and the effect it has had in keeping rates so high, that in the language of a report of the Bell system itself, the confession is made that the telephone is still a "luxury" and a "convenience" rather than a public necessity.



CLYDE H. TAVENNER

ed in the various foreign countries.

Only a few of these figures are necessary to show that America is far behind the foreign nations in taking full public advantage of the great invention of the telephone. Mr. Lewis declared that if the phone were in greater use, the American rates would not be tolerated for an instant. It is only because the comparatively well-to-do have the telephone that the outcry against the private monopoly is not greater.

But here are some figures. In Sweden a subscriber to a government phone pays an average of \$0.05 for each local call. In the United States the average is \$0.24. The American local phone call rate is five per cent higher than the American letter rate. In Sweden where letters are sent for about 24 cents each, the letter rate is four times the phone rate. The United States ranks 14th in the expense of telephone service. Phone service is cheaper in practically every country in Europe.

Among 15 countries which have long

distance telephone service, the United States ranks 11th in point of expense to patrons. The average charge for a long distance call in the United States is 19 cents. In Germany it is three cents. In Great Britain it is 12 cents.

A better comparison is in point of distances over which phone messages are sent. In the United States the Bell company charges an average of 60 cents to telephone for 100 miles, \$1.50 for 300 miles, \$3.00 for 500 miles and \$4.20 for 700 miles. Compare these with the Swedish rates of eight cents for 100 miles, 13 cents for 300 miles, 20 cents for 500 miles, and 30 cents for 700 miles. Long distance tolls in the United States, where private corporations own the lines, are far heavier than in any foreign land where the phones are part of the post-office system.

In Christiania it costs a telephone subscriber a flat rate of \$21.44 a year for a phone. In Tokyo, Japan, this charge is \$34 and in New Zealand, New York, with a service limited to 5,700 calls per year, the annual flat rate charge is \$228. In San Francisco (unlimited) \$180, in Washington, \$168; in Boston, \$125.

On the flat rate basis it costs a subscriber to the Swiss telephone an average of \$0.108 per call for 10,000 calls; Sidney, Australia, for 10,000 calls, an average of \$0.085 per call; in Vienna, \$0.1; in Paris, \$0.077. Compare this with the New York average of four cents per call for 10,000 calls; San Francisco, \$0.025; Cincinnati, \$0.033; and Boston, \$0.033.

The effect on the increased use of the phone is apparent. In Denmark there is an average of 761 long distance conversations per phone instrument each year; in the Netherlands this average is 634; each German phone instrument is used 301 times per year for long distance; while in the United States, which stands 14th in the list, the average is but 48 long distance calls.

In the congressional campaign now before us.

In every congressional district where the laws of the state permit we urge the nomination of straight county tickets. This will give us a progressive local organization and will for the first time place us on an equal footing with the old parties in each of the counties composing the congressional district and will leave us in excellent shape for the battle of 1916.

"We cannot urge too strongly the importance of making a fight locally all along the line, not only with the thought and purpose of electing our candidates wherever possible in this immediate campaign, but for the further and greater purpose of filling up our organization with seasoned, disciplined veterans for the greater battle of 1916.

"The reports that come to us from the various states are most encouraging. If we exercise care in the nomination of high grade men for public office, and our fight is conducted in a fighting trim and in much better shape than ever in carrying forward a winning campaign," Mr. Hinebaugh said. "Our platform appeals so strongly to the people generally that the two old parties have been forced to give a measure of lip loyalty to some of its declarations.

"The congressional committee cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity for a straightforward, manly fight.

## STAGE IS ALL SET BY PROGRESSIVES

Lay Plans for 1914 Campaign and Hinebaugh Claims a Chance to Win.

Washington, D. C., Dec. 29.—Plans for the progressive campaign in the 1914 elections were announced yesterday in a letter addressed to the state chairman of the party by Representative Hinebaugh of Illinois, chairman of the progressive congressional committee. Headquarters are to be opened here on Jan. 1 and western headquarters will be opened in Chicago before July 1.

"The party organization is now in a fighting trim and in much better shape than ever in carrying forward a winning campaign," Mr. Hinebaugh said. "Our platform appeals so strongly to the people generally that the two old parties have been forced to give a measure of lip loyalty to some of its declarations.

"The congressional committee cannot emphasize too strongly the necessity for a straightforward, manly fight.

## "The Young Lady Across the Way"



We observed to the young lady across the way that we trusted this country would never become involved in another fratricidal struggle and she said she guessed we wouldn't as no foreign nation was going to attack us as long as we treated them all fairly.

## The ONLOOKER

HENRY HOWLAND

## WHY BE DOWNHEARTED?



Oh, do not fret and do not frown if you are not a millionaire.  
And do not bellow through the town if you have few fine clothes to wear.  
Be glad you're not a peacock, without a pleasing song to sing.  
And do not to hear the children say: "Oh, what a funny looking thing!"  
Oh, do not weep and do not sigh if you possess no wide estate.  
And, though you may be humble, try to be contented with your fate.  
You're not a turkey, and therefore you should be very glad at heart.  
Think how pleasant it would be to have your washbowl pulled apart.  
Oh, do not grumble if your name has not become a household word.  
But keep on reaching after fame; your earnest prayers may yet be heard.  
Be thankful you're no sourette, left penniless and doomed to walk From some unlabeled Kansas town—on ties—to little old New York.

## A CANDID OPINION.

Sympathy never moistened a parched throat.  
Most men who claim to have strong convictions would have little left if they were to be deprived of their prejudices.  
The man who waits for just the right time to start never gets anywhere.  
If every woman could trace her descent from a king sorrow would never again find lodgment in a feminine breast.  
There is something uncanny about the mother who admits that her boy may have been just as much to blame as her neighbor's child.  
The meanest man is one who will call on a young lady and spend the evening talking about the loveliness of some other girl.

A Psalm of Wives.  
Lives of great men all remind us  
We are but little when we live below  
Little women get behind us  
And make something of our lives.  
—Catholics Standard and Times.

Something that perhaps another  
Bitterer than I might hint—  
Ah, but why continue further?  
It ain't no nice word to print.  
—New York Evening Mail.

Make us? Yes, they make us, truly.  
Though we oft may be inclined  
To be stubborn and untuly—  
Make us look their waists behind.

At the Altar.  
"Pa," said the beautiful heiress, "you mustn't fail to get back in time for the wedding. There will be no one else to give me away."

"To give you away? Good gosh, that ain't no name for it. Didn't I pay the baron \$800,000 in cold cash to take you? I guess you ain't no premium, are you?"

## TRAINED.

"How in the world were you able to eat the stuff they served up at that summer hotel which you recommended to us?"  
"It was easy. I had practiced. My wife did her own cooking for three weeks before I went away."

Natural.  
"Does this city look natural to you?" asked the prominent citizen.  
"Notice any sign of growth?"  
"Oh, yes, there are a good many skyscrapers that were not here when I left. Still, it looks natural enough. The streets are all torn up, exactly as they were when I went away 17 years ago."

His Last Argument.  
"Darling, will you marry me?"  
"No. I do not care for you in that way. But I hope we may always be friends."

"Wait. Before you make your decision final won't you please taste these gumdrops?"

Often the Case.  
"It was a fair fight, wasn't it?"  
"Sure it was. The under dog got whipped."  
"Call that a fair fight?"  
"Wait, now, let me explain. The under dog provoked it."—St. Louis Public.

## The Daily Story

WINNING DOROTHY—BY CLARISSA MACKIE.

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Bert Chesney arose from his seat at the head of the table and lifted his glass.

"Gentlemen," he said with flashing eyes. "I propose the health of the loveliest girl in the world!"

The toast was drunk in silence. It was a singular coincidence that each one of the seven friends who had gathered to celebrate Chesney's birthday was silently drinking to the same girl, beautiful Dorothy Fair. Perhaps Chesney himself guessed the fact. At any rate, his black eyes gleamed triumphantly as they rested on one face after another until they lingered on the homely, rugged countenance of Jasper Dane. Jasper's blue eyes were still tender with thoughts of Dorothy when Chesney's voice cut into the silence again.

"The health of the future Mrs. Robert Chesney!"

Again the brimming glasses were drained, and this time troubled glances sought one another, for the second toast following so closely upon the first suggested that Bert Chesney had won out in the race for Dorothy Fair's hand and heart.

There was a little confusion of voices after that. It was time to go home, and some of the young men were making their farewells.

Jasper Dane could hear Chesney's hearty voice breaking above the murmured words of his guests.

"Thanks, old man—glad of it—surely—I am to be congratulated!"

In this way Chesney accepted the perfunctory congratulations of his friends upon his engagement to Dorothy Fair. Jasper heard, and with dazed eyes looked straight into Chesney's bold gaze.

"Good night, Chesney. Many happy returns of the day and congratulations, you know!"

"Thanks, Jasper. Yes, there isn't another girl in the world like her, is there, old man?" Chesney's eyes searched Jasper's grim face.

"There is only one girl in the world for each man," said Jasper soberly and with a sigh.

Bert Chesney stared after him. "What the deuce did that fellow mean?" he muttered savagely.

Jasper Dane disdained the taxicabs of his friends and tramped doggedly down the avenue toward his small bachelor quarters. When he had reached home and snapped on the electric light in his cozy little library he looked uncertainly at the telephone on the desk.

Beside Dorothy Fair's bed there was another telephone. He guessed that because once she had called him up at 2 o'clock in the morning to inquire if he had one of her gloves.

Jasper tossed aside hat and overcoat and sat down at the desk. In a few moments Dorothy's sleepy voice was answering him.

"Who is it? Whom did you say?"

"Oh, Jasper! What is the matter?"

"Only this, Dorothy. I've been to Chesney's dinner party and—"

Dorothy's voice broke in pettishly. "Jasper Dane, do you know that you are the seventh man who has called up to congratulate me on my engagement to Bert Chesney? Won't tomorrow do? Really, I should like to snatch a few hours' sleep."

"I am sorry," said Jasper quietly.

"Goodbye."

He moved away from the desk, his hands deep in his pockets. He paced the floor moodily.

This was the end of his steadfast wooing of Dorothy Fair! Only last night she had given him every encouragement, had even given him permission to come again tomorrow evening and impart some especially "wonderful" tidings of which she could not help guess the import, and now, twenty-eight hours later, to be exact, she had calmly admitted her engagement to Bert Chesney.

Poor, patient Jasper metaphorically threw up his hands and went to bed. He was done with women forever.

## Professor Digby of the Fanshawe

museum scanned Jasper's flushed face and resolute mouth with deep interest.

"I am flattered by your offer, Mr. Dane," he said at last, "but I cannot understand why you, a prosperous young lawyer, should want to throw up a lucrative practice and go into the wilds of Africa with me. Of course there's plenty of sport in it, but you assure me that you are not a sportsman, and there's no end of hardship and danger."

"I want to go," said Jasper obstinately. "If you won't let me join your expedition, professor, I'll have to look up another one, but I am to end of a good photographer, and I could shoot diamonds and things with a camera, couldn't I?"

"That would be very interesting and very valuable," mused the professor. Suddenly he turned and shot a penetrating glance at Jasper's glum countenance.

"Who is she?" he asked bluntly.

"Wh-what—what do you mean?" stammered Jasper, rising to his tall height.

"Sit down," said the professor kindly. "I always put that question to young men who want to go into the jungle—that is, unless they have a reputation as big game hunters. Lots of men are driven to travel and adventure because they can't get the particular girl they want, and they usually come home to find her grown fat and dumpy or plain and scrawny and then they wonder why they ever left the comforts and pleasures of civilization for the primitive forests of the tropics. Don't be offended at my frankness, but take my advice, Dane, and stay at home. You won't regret it."

"I am the best judge of that," said Jasper haughtily.

"Very true," said Professor Digby urbanely. "Well, suppose you leave the matter open for one week, Mr. Dane. If at the end of that time you are still of the same mind, I shall be

happy to have you join my party as special photographer."

"I see no reason to change my mind," muttered Jasper as he returned to his office and flung open his desk. He spent the remainder of the day in going over his affairs and in planning how he could leave his practice in the hands of a brother lawyer. Fortunately there was nothing of importance on hand. If he could come back from Africa with the picture of Dorothy Fair erased from his heart he would be thankful. He thought of Professor Digby's words and smiled ruefully. Dorothy would never be anything but beautiful.

That very evening Dorothy Fair was surprised to receive a visit from her mother's cousin, Professor Digby of the Fanshawe museum.

"My dear Dorothy," began the professor in his stilted way, "I must beg of you to be a little more merciful."

"Merciful?" echoed Dorothy, her hazel eyes wide with astonishment. "What do you mean, Cousin Peter?"

"You know, I am organizing a special expedition to central Africa, and of course I have had many applications from men who desire to belong to the party. It usually happens that way when any expedition is going out, but in this particular instance I have been overrun with applications."

"But what has that to do with me, Cousin Peter?" asked Dorothy, fearful of the wizened little man's sanity.

"This, my dear. These eight applications all arrived on the same day—that is, this very day. All of these young men are well known to me as being suitors for the hand of my lovely young cousin. Don't blush, Dorothy, you naughty child!"

"Of these eight applications only seven can be accepted. I am asking you to help me make a choice."

"Cousin Peter, I cannot!" cried Dorothy, with tears in her eyes. "I haven't really encouraged them, and if they are so silly to like a girl because of her eyes or the color of her hair I can't help it. There is only one—and, Cousin Peter, I never believed you could be so unkind!"

Professor Digby suppressed a little smile that trickled across his lips.

"There was one chap in particular that I wanted for my right hand man. He has plenty of nerve and grit. I've watched him since he was a boy, but he's sensitive. I told him to wait a day. To begin with, there was Bert Chesney, society man and all around sport. He might do in some minor capacity or just as a guest. Finley Bingham, Rob Blake, young Dicher, Judge Harker's boy, Robinson and Medway. Seven of 'em, my dear, and a very handsome coterie. I may say—"

"And the eighth one, Cousin Peter?" whispered Dorothy.

"Jasper Dane," said Professor Digby quietly.

The next morning Jasper Dane found on his desk a letter from Professor Digby. It read:

My Dear Dane—I am sorry to say that it will be impossible for me to consider your application to join my expedition to central Africa. I received eight applications for membership in the party, and as I could accept only seven I placed the list of eight names in the hands of an expert in such matters. Included is the list, and you will see that my expert has drawn a line through your name. I am definitely deciding that you are not to be of my party. This I regret exceedingly, as you would have been my personal choice, but I hope that you will not take this disappointment to heart. The seven chosen men will with me tomorrow, and I cannot help but consider that the one who is left at home is the only fortunate one. Faithfully yours, PETER DIGBY.

Below was a typewritten list of eight names, headed by that of Bert Chesney and ending with Jasper's own name. A heavy black line was drawn through Jasper's name, and he smiled bitterly as he saw it. Then a puzzled look came into his eyes as he scanned the names of the successful seven and realized that the name reported to be the one party which had gathered at Bert Chesney's birthday dinner.

Why were they all going to central Africa? Why was he left behind?

A line of crabbed handwriting straggled across the bottom of the page. He bent closely and read it with difficulty:

"I forgot to mention that the expert who decided that you must remain at home is my little cousin, Dorothy Fair."

Jasper caught up the telephone receiver and called for a number.

"Professor Digby?" he asked excitedly. "This is Jasper Dane. Bon voyage, and thank you, may I say, Cousin Peter?"

The professor's dry cackle came over the wire:

"You are quite safe in calling me that, Jasper. By the time the expedition gets home I suppose it will be a fact. Good luck!"

And Jasper flung down the receiver and raced out of the office like a boy. Dorothy Fair had elected that he, out of the eight, should remain at home, and it meant only one thing, and he was going to make sure of it now.

## Dec. 29 in American History.

1808—Andrew Johnson, seventeenth president of the United States, born; died 1875.

1812—The United States frigate Constitution defeated and captured the British frigate Java off San Salvador. The Java lost 60 killed and 101 wounded out of 400 men.

1890—Battle of Wounded Knee Creek between Sioux hostiles and United States soldiers.